

A copy of a letter from Ernest dated Dec.19,1914.

Helen has again disgraced herself in high society. The other day her mother took her with her to call on the Grandmother of the Maharajah,-a very fine old lady who has her home not so very far from us,where she receives visits every day from the great Maharani,the power behind the throne. Helen has arrived at the question age,and she can ask more questions than a prosecuting attorney. One of the customs of the country is the chewing of the beetle-nut,and the royal grandmother is addicted to this habit. Helen and her mother enter the royal apartments and, allowing very scant time for the exchange of formalities,the daughter begins to ask questions. The old lady,surrounded by attendants(female),is reclining in state on a couch,having been in a motor-car accident last summer,from which she has not yet ~~reco~~ recovered. Helen starts in on the lady,asking her questions in the singular,which is used only for servants in this country. "What is this thing"? says Helen, "What is that used for?" "What is that little silver box"? Then,pointing to an attendant, "what has she in her hand?" The Swayer of scepters answers politely and with amusement all of Helen's questions,and congratulates her mother on the fluency with which the girl uses the vernacular. "That,says her Highness,"is a present from the King of England when he visited this country as Prince of Wales." This is so and so, and that is something else". And thus the conversation went merrily on,the mother trying vainly to curb ~~the~~ the little girl,and gain control of the conversation.

"That is a box which holds the pan(beetle-nut)which I eat",said the lady in answer to Helen's question about what the attendant was holding in her hand. "And what is that woman holding in her hand?" asks Helen,pointing to another woman. Her Highness looks at the little silver receptacle,and after a moments hesitation, gives the right answer: "That is what I spit in when I have finished chewing the beetle-nut". "What?", says Helen. The poor woman is compelled to repeat what she has just said. This time Helen 'gets her',and her next question sends her Highness into shrieks of laughter. It was this:- "When are you going to spit?"

Waves of shame beat over the poor humiliated mother but she was somewhat relieved when the royal personage began to laugh. Her ladyship was game. "Right now" said she,and when the attendant had passed her the silver bowl,she spat generously therein.

Some fool has written recently discrediting oriental ideas of hospitality!!! !

With bushels of love,

The Robbery

Mrs. W.L. Weld,
Woodside,

Landsur, Mussoorie .

One ladle spoon,

One crumb scraper,

One large spoon (Rodger Bros.,)

Two almond spoons,

One sugar spoon,

Eight Coffee spoons,

11 tea spoons,

5 Fruit ~~knives~~ *knives*

6 knives & 6 Forks,

One silver trowel, (?)

~~one another~~ ² sugar spoons

one ~~another~~ large spoon marked W.E.W.,

12 tea spoons, *large spoon*

3 large Forks,

One smaller Fork, with gold forks,

3 large spoons,

One pair of Sugar tongs.

Morar, Gwalior . 10/7/14

My dear Queen,

Yesterday, while I was writing you in Lalitpur, a wire came from Stratton, saying that : "Thieves have broken out from your house, come immediately". I did not wish to worry you with it until I ed give you accurate details, so I did not say anything about it yesterday . I worked like a nigger in Lalitpur and caught the mail, and got home at four o'clock . I found it only too true -- for practically every thing was open -- the almirahs, the china-closet, the trunk in the dressing room etc . Stratton's box in the daftar had also been broken open, or had been opened with a key . The money bag had been taken, which contained as near as I can figure about Rs 85/ . Fron Stratton's box in the office, the thieves got 20 more Rupees . Lying in front of the dressing-room trunk was a heap of table silverware, some of it tied up in the cloth cases and some of it lying lose . There was some linen lying with it, still folded . This pile had been found outside of the house, under a tree, where it had evidently been placed-not thrown . I am enclosing a list of what was found there . I am not sure it is all recovered but if you have some of it with you, it is likely that they took nothing or else very little of the silverware . Please let me know at once if you can think of anything which you have not taken with you, which is not included in this list . It is not certain how the thief or thieves made the entrance . The little window leading into the bath-room where we now keep the grain had been opened from the verandah, by breaking a pane of glass . The police think that the entrance was not made from here however, for the dust is not disturbed at all on the window-ledge, nor is there any sign on the floor or elsewhere . The double doors opening from the drawing room

onto the verandah, towards the river, were found half open in the morning . Whether this was merely the exit, or whether it was both the entrance and exit is not known . The lock of the trunk in the dressing room is not injured, and seems to have been opened with a key . The keys were with me in Lalitpur . Also, Stratton's box might have been opened with a key, for there was no damage done to the ~~lock~~ hasp or box . The lock has not yet been found . It seems as if the thieves must have taken it with them . Because of these reasons the Police think that the rupees were taken by some one quite sure of his ground, who had keys and was all prepared before hand . That the breaking of the window pane in the bath-room was merely a blind . I think they think Stratton did it, which is absurd . However it does look as if the thief knew his way about . The trays were not taken out of the money-trunk . My tennis cup was not taken--the little silver cup and pitcher of beaten silver were not touched . Yet the almirahs were opened . What did you have in the large drawer of your almirah in the bed-room ? It was locked, was it not ? Well, it was forced open , but the boxes etc do not seem at all disturbed . It all looks as if the people were after the money , and knew where it was . That the man who handled the trunk simply knew the tray, and gathered up an arm-full of linen, silverware and money bag, and made a dash for it . Under the tree on the outside, they examined the armful, and fearing that the silverware might be traced they put it under the tree and went away . It seems as if all the rest of the almirah opening was purely and simply a blind . The police are still working on the matter, but have not yet made any remarkable discoveries . They probably never will . I hate to lose that Rs 100/ but am thankful it was no worse .

Stratton, Tillu and the Chaukidar were all peacefully sleeping under our porte-cochere during the night . Stratton seems very much crushed by it all .

You must not worry about it all, dearest . It might have been so much worse, and we will mosey along somehow . I am not worrying about it at all-- or that is, very much .

Your letter came to me last night . I will make out the Certificate of credit, and get it off in today's mail .

I must stop now and write my home mail . With all kinds of love and devotion,

I am,

Your devoted husband,

Ernest

Mrs. James M. Mic.

1477 E. 114th. Place

Cleveland, Ohio

U. S. A.

Moran, Tualior

March 6, 1914.

Dear Brothers + Sisters

The home mail has been very scarce the last few weeks. No word has come from any of you. There always used to be a letter from father, even when the Round Robin was held up somewhere and failed to appear. So I have missed that particularly this month.

We are recovering today from a dinner party which we gave last night. We entertained six of our English friends in the station. A dinner always is a good deal of worry + work for me, because I will not entrust many of the details to the servants. Then too I like to have things cooked according to American ideas - which are in some ways different from en. English. And

The British Resident, Mr Gardiner sent us a
leg 2 venison the other day, which we
greatly enjoyed.

A few days ago, we awoke one morning to
find not a "pig" in the parlor, but a snake!
After a warm night, when the servants opened
up the house in the morning, they found two
snakes in the vestibule. One of them they finished
at once; the other ran into the parlor. And
they soon dispatched him also. They were not
large, but one was very poisonous. You can
imagine how circumspectly we have been going
about since then keeping "our eyes peeled".
Our theory is that they got in from the thatch
roof in some way. Today we have some workmen

most Indian servants know
only English dishes. & I generally
make the salads, puddings
and candy myself.
Everything used off will last
next. The people seemed to
enjoy the food, and we had a
jolly time afterward.
Perhaps the women-folk would
like to know what we had to eat:

Clear soup
white fish with anchovy sauce
roast chicken, potatoes, peas, pumpkin
cherry salad
cheese soufflé

fig pudding
salted peanuts, candy, coffee
If any of you have any new ideas
for nice dishes, let me
have the benefit of them, please.
For I like to have things
different from the English-
English cooking isn't in the
same class with American,
in my way of thinking.

here, stretching & repairing the holes in the
canvas ceiling cloths, to prevent any others
putting in their appearance. I have seen
pretty burrows since this thing happened;
but, as Ernest says it was a most uncommon
occurrence, and isn't likely to happen again
for a long time, if ever. Our experience with
snakes since we came to India, has, I am
thankful to say, been very limited.

Major & Mrs. Anderson the Eng. doctor, his
wife have just left for Guetta, a large station
up on the frontier. We shall miss them
here very much. They are fine folks and
have been very good friends of ours.

The British Resident had
a farewell dinner party
for them on Sunday
night. we were invited
but declined. They played
up-jenkins.

Helen's white rabbit was
pretty well chewed up
by some wild animal
last week. we think it
was a hyena, as we have
heard there was one
around these parts lately.

Helen + I called on
the Dowager Maharani
a short time ago. Helen
and the Signores carried on
most of the conversation.
The lady was greatly
amused when Helen made
a wide circuit around

a huge tiger skin on
the floor, the great
head, wide opened mouth
& sharp teeth did look
rather formidable.
Helin insisted on being taken
to ~~the~~ bath room, & the
maharani had an
attendant show us into
her own private apartment -
a marble sh... place
with beautifully tiled walls.
There was no bath tub, only
a depression in the
floor, in the center of which
was a little stool-like
platform about $2\frac{1}{2}$ ft square.
I suppose ~~the~~ the Higunssis
baths are showers. There were
beautiful silver glasses (jars)
of all sizes for holding water.
With much love
Margaret.

Junia has been vaccinated &
it has taken; but it hasn't bothered
him much.



Dear Mary,

Will you get &
send me 1 doz ramskins
whenever we give a
nice dinner, we always
have to serve fish in some
shape or form; & I want
the ramskins for this.

I think we can ^{get} ordinary
ones in some of the large
Eng. stores out here but
they are just plain, white
porcelain ones. I have
thought the shell-colored
ones would be nice; I
haven't any idea what they
cost. Perhaps they will be
well beyond our pocketbook.
However, use your own good

taste as to size & kind.
If you could have them
~~packed~~ carefully in a small
light wooden box (a cigar box,
for instance) I think they
would come through quite
nicely by registered mail.
Let me know the price
including postage & I
will write you an order
on the Board in N. Y.

Truly
Margaret.

Morar, Gwalior
India.

Dear ones at Home,

I hoped to
make a good and early
start this morning
and get a lot of house
mail written; but this
is my first letter and
it's now about 10:00
A.M. The mail must be
in the office by 12:00
I have had a perfect
round of servants
and messengers of various

call another man. They both
appeared upon the scene about
the same time this morning.
It's a good thing we don't have to
pay for our laundry work by the
piece. In the warm weather our
washings are simply tremendous -
we have to change garments so often
and wear so many white clothes. But
whether the quantity is much or little
we pay the same price - Rs. 10 (\$3.35-)

and dining room.
It is in shades of blue
and yellow, and we
think it very pretty
and artistic. There
are thousands of beads
& glass tubes & bamboo
reeds on the thing.

It was lots of fun making
it until we got near
the last few strands
when the apertures

of our remaining reeds
began to get small &
it was difficult to
string them.

Our dining room
is in blue & orange

mama, for oriental rugs and I
am just developing it myself; so that
when we see a fine rug it's an almost
overwhelming temptation to get it, even
tho we can't afford it. Then I have
a tall iron lamp stand with copper
lamp + fixtures and this has a
red silk shade. In the dining
room we have a large blue duffel
(cotton rug) on the floor; and as
hangers in front of two ^{pair of} double doors

The children are fairly
well. Helen is threatened
with a slight cold, but
is up to her usual
amount of mischief.
Junior hasn't quite
got over his trouble
of last week, but is
much better. We have
had Major Anderson the
Civil Surgeon in to see him
a couple of times.

We dined with Mr. & Mrs.
Baker a few nights ago.
They are friendly people
who live near us. Mrs.
Baker asked me to bring

some music, and they
all seemed to enjoy &
appreciate my contribution
to the evening's entertainment.

No letters came from
any of you last week.

I am worried at
missing Father's usual
message. I hope you are
all right daddy;
with oceans of love
Margaret.

drawing-room in
red. Of the drawing
room the floor is
covered with a red &
black "farsch" (light weight
floor-cloth red back-
ground with small
black figure in it)

But this is pretty
well hidden by our
rugs, which are mostly
in shades of dark red.
We got a beautiful new
Persian rug in the
hills this summer
about 4 yds. long $\times$ $2\frac{1}{2}$ yds
wide. Embroidered on

we have some pretty Kashmir curtains
embroidered in blue. Then I
have my blue stenciled runners
on the table between meals, and on
state occasions we hang on the
wall in a conspicuous place the
beautiful yellow ~~the~~ satin panel with
an exquisite peacock embroidered
on it the gift of the Allahabad students,
so altogether it's quite an attractive
room.

sents to interview and
dispatch upon various
errands this morning.
Two of these have been
"dhotis" (workmen)
one to take the
soiled clothes; another
to bring the fresh
linen. These should
naturally have been
the same men, but
the first incumbent
in the service was
getting so careless
about his work, I had
to dismiss him &

per month.

I have been still spending my time
this last week getting the house
settled, and we end it not yet.
But we look quite clean & presentable
by this time, even if the curtains
are not yet hung. In the evenings
Ernest & I have worked industriously
on a bed & need curtains. We
finished it last night and put
it up at once between the parlor

your name "Dr. Elder!"
he repeated; then asked,
"Is he a Presbyterian &
rather a small man
and was he there at
one time of the Williams'
meeting?" Upon my
replying to all this in
the affirmative, he said,
"Why, I remember
him well" when I
first saw ~~him~~^{Mr. Taylor} out here,
I was sure I had seen
his face before, but
couldn't place him.
He himself is a small
man, with smooth-shaven
face, round, full and

a big Round Robin came last
~~your~~ week, and father's personal letter.

With dearest love to you all and
kisses for the babies,

Yours
Margaret.

I was glad to hear you mention
Forest Park, Bost.; now I can
get you located a little more definitely.
That is about the only place I know
in St. Louis.

rather ruddy face.
But I suspect you
will recall him, father,
without this description.
He has been in India
about twelve years.

Ernest will be in
the hills with us only
a week longer. I wish
it were possible for
us to go down earlier
this year. but I don't
like to risk it with
Helen, especially when
she will probably be
cutting more teeth.

Following is the write-up of an
Indian Christian wedding which
took place in the jungle
church just after I came to
the hills. I copy this ^{word} ~~part~~
for word from the "Indian
Christian Messenger".

An Eclectic Wedding.

The bridegroom from M. met
his sweetly delicate bride at a
central place, where the
monsoon from the Bombay
side meets the influx of
monsoon from Bengal,
and very early they were on 2nd.
9 May united in holy wedlock
at the old church near the
much venerated confluence of

fashion waited at the altar to which
the bride - preceded by ushers and flower
girls - all marched up in measured steps
in right military fashion, imported from
America. Rev. Dr. Ewing solemnized the ceremony
and read out the service in his own
sonorous solemn way. After the ceremony
the bridal party met at Mrs. Ewing's house
where the artistically decorated wedding-cake
was cut and freely distributed, to be washed
down by the suspicious looking but all
the same innocent in substance ruby

the Sages, the gurus
the invisible Saraswati,
under the guidance of a native
of America. Was this
predestinated fate or the
erratic concourse of the
atomic world, we leave
Christian philosophers to
determine. The Indian Christian
is a fortunate being, quite
free to make a happy choice of
all that is the best and most
attractive all the world over.
The bride Miss Shanti
Chatterji was in silvery
Indian "sari" crowned with
a coronet of the now fresh
orange blossoms. But the
bridegroom Mr. B. R. Bhattacharya
in the acceptable European

red sparkling aerated waters. Miss
Craterji B.H. of the Crookwaite Girls
High School was very fortunate in
securing for her sister's wedding the
help of the motherly Mrs. Ewing and Mrs.
Eldredge the latter acting as the mistress
of the ceremony. God bless the happy
couple!

Morar, Quailion
Jan. 15, 1914.

Dear Brothers + Sisters,

I'm afraid I

have fallen from grace, the
past few weeks, in that my
contribution to the Round
Robin hasn't gone out quite
as regularly as usual. But I
suspect you have all been
so busy with your own affairs
that you haven't missed it a
great deal anyway.

Our Holiday festivities consisted
chiefly in trying to ~~make~~ give
a little pleasure to the
waifs of the bazaar and to
the poor Indian Christians
under our care.

floor in the dining-room, and admired
Pelen's Christmas-tree, while Ernest as Santa
Claus distributed the sweets (candy) and the
little gifts, with the dolls + clothing which
the Sierra Missionary Society had sent me
last year, and some toys which one of our
missionaries shared with me - (they had been
sent in by some Miss. Society) we had something
to give each one, grown up as well as child.
And after many "salams" to the Padre Sahib
(that's Ernie), + his wife, they all went away
pleased and happy.
On the day before Christmas, we gave a treat
to the Bozash children. We had told them
children on the Sunday previous, that if they

year; and common
cards to those who had
come in on this special
occasion only. But to all,
we gave mithai (candy)
This was arranged (by the candy-
seller) in dishes & leaves, a
certain portion for each child,
and placed in rows on the
floor in the back of the
church. After telling the
Christmas story to the
children, they were allowed
to pass out of the church,
one by one, each child
picking up from the floor
one leaf dish & candy.
Had any one of us touched it,
it would have been
contaminated for them; and
none but the very "cum of the
earth" (thus are those of the
lowest caste, regarded by

Nelen had a very happy, exciting day with
the gifts she had received from home, and
since we were able to purchase for her
out here.. The special treasure is a new
Marxani (rag doll) and with this, a new
carrage to wheel her in.

On Christmas night, Ernest left for
Allahabad to attend the meeting of the
General Assembly of the Oush Church in India.
Four days later I took the children and
went to Fatehgarh to visit Mrs. Hemphill
& to see our mission work there. Ernest met us
there & we came on home together stopping
in Meerut for a couple of days with the Mitchells.

those of a little higher strata) would have had the boldness to touch it.

Our bazaar Sunday school is attended principally by boys. But we have one class of girls with an average attendance of about 12. I had some dolls left after giving to our own Indian Christian children; so I decided to give these to the poor little bazaar waifs who had come to B. S. during the year. This was an altogether unexpected surprise for them; and it was, as Ernest said, "worth the price of admission" to see the joy on their dirty little faces, when a neatly-dressed doll was put into the arms of each little girl.

The Maharajah had Christmas & New Year's
dinners as usual. We were able to attend
only the first one. It was very nice, as usual;
but not fancy dress.

Martina Wild sent Helen a "Kewpie" & Junior &
Billy Bumpkin doll. They certainly are
summing things.

With dearest love to you all,

Margaret.

on Christmas day, we had a short service in our little church, for Indian Christians only. Then we came home; and while Ernst attended the Xmas service in the English church, I finished getting things ready for our treat for our native workers and their children. At noon they all came in, I about 50 strong. I declare I was amazed at the number for on ordinary occasions we never get more than 12 or 15 together. But Indians do not believe in Rau Suicide; the entire families were on hand, from the infant in arms to the decrepit grandmother. They sat on the

would come to a special S.S. meeting
the next wed. they would all get a
special card. we give just common ones
every Sunday. And the children love them.
We had saved our Xmas cards of the previous
year - & managed to collect some others, so that
we had about 125 specially pretty cards. we
thought this would be sufficient to go
round, as the usual attendance is about
70. But as soon as the doors were opened on
Wed. morning, the children poured in - at
least 200 of them, more than that.
Under the circumstances we had to give ^{the} ~~the~~
special cards to those whom we knew ^{had been} ~~were~~
most regular in attendance throughout the

Morar, Gwalior
Jan. 23, 1914.

Dear Ones in the U. S. A.

My contribution this
week, is just going to be one incident
from the life of Helen E. Weld, which I
think I haven't recorded as yet for
your amusement. Let me say at the
beginning that the young lady has
disgraced herself in high society.
I took her with me the other day to
call on the Grandmother of the
Maharajah, a fine old lady who has
her home not far from us, where
she receives visits every day from
her daughter, the Dowager Maharani,
who is the real power behind the
throne, here in Gwalior State.
Helen has arrived at the
investigating age, and she can ask
more questions than a prosecuting
attorney. One of the habits of the
people of India is the chewing

of "pain" (the beetle-nut); and the royal grandmother is addicted to this habit. The chewing of the green-leaf leaves a residue of red juice in the mouth which has to be expelled at frequent intervals.

Helen and her mother enter the royal apartments. And allowing very scant time for the exchange of formalities, the daughter begins her verbal investigations. The old lady, surrounded by attendants' females, is reclining on a couch - having been in a motor-car accident last summer when she suffered severe injuries from which she has not yet recovered. Helen starts in on the old lady asking her questions in the singular, which form of the verb is used only in speaking to servants & menials in this country. "What is this thing?" says Helen. "What is that used for?" "What is in that little box?" The eunuchs & eunuchs answers politely, with amusement, all of Helen's questions; & congratulates her mother on the fluency with which the child uses the vernacular. And thus the conversation goes merrily on, the mother trying in vain to curb the little girl and get control of the conversation. In answer to Helen's last question the eunuch replies: "That is the box which holds the beetle-nut which I eat." "And what is that woman holding in her hand?" asks Helen, pointing to an attendant. Her highness looks at the silver receptacle, & after a moment's hesitation gives the right answer: "That is what I spit into, when I have finished chewing the beetle-nut."

"What?" says Helen. The poor lady is compelled to repeat what she has just said. The next question sends the Signress into shrieks of laughter. This crisis: "When are you going to spitt?"!!! waves of shame beat over the poor humiliated mother, but she is quite relieved when the royal presence begins to laugh.

The Ladyship was game. "Right now" said she; and when the attendant held the silver vessel under her chin, she spat generously into it!

"Some fool has written recently discrediting oriental ideas of hospitality!" (W. E. W.)

With dearest love to you all,

Your sister
Margaret.

Morar, Gualior
March 20, 1914

Dear Brothers and Sisters,

The Round Robin
which came in last week's
mail was very welcome. The
contributions haven't
particularly newsworthy. But
news isn't altogether necessary
for a good letter. Just to
know that you are all well
and happy, is a welcome
weekly bulletin for us.
It is interesting to know, Bob
that your work is in connection
with "America's Greatest
Advertising Medium". Is it
the auditing Dept. or the
advertising Dept.? I'm in the
midst of an exceedingly
interesting novel, just now.
"J. Tembarom" by Frances

bruised. We were dreadfully
frightened, but greatly relieved to
find that while the kiddie was
pretty badly battered up, yet none of
the injuries were serious. I am
getting a bed with high sides today.
The boy is so strong and active that
we can't leave him by himself a minute.
In trying to creep, he moves backwards.
Helen grows more & more fond of him;
she is very affectionate toward
him and always uses the most
endearing terms in speaking of
him or to him. It is amazing for
amount of English she has picked
up within the last 2 months.

every Wednesday afternoon
to wealthy Indian ladies
and any of the European
ladies who care to come.
The ladies sit and chat
or play badminton, croquet,
or Bridge. The place is
quite secluded. No men
are allowed near by, &
counsel, when the Highness
is there; so that she
moves about very
freely with uncovered
face and joins in the
game with the ladies.
Tea is served, and there
is always a combination
of English & Indian cakes

her own hand. She took
them with the same eagerness
as from an ordinary mortal,
not even saying "Thank you" until
she was reminded!

Last Monday night we ^{English}
dined with Mrs. Ryland ^{and} who
has for years been the companion
of the ^{Marquess}. Last night we
had Mr. & Mrs. Lake in to dinner
with us. They made a great fuss
over my home-made candy.
I have promised to go over often
of these days & show Mrs. Lake

and sweets & nuts.
The Moharumi is an
attractive little body
and dresses beautifully
in rich graceful silk
gowns. Her jewels
are exquisite - diamond
bracelets and many pearl
necklaces. She as well
as the other ladies
made much of Helen
admiring her looks, her
bobbed hair with the
big ribbon bow on it, &
her little hat which I
trimmed myself! Can
you imagine it Mary?
Her H. from Helen some
pistachio nuts from

Ernest went to Kelitpen
last night, for a couple of days.
Missouri business - a sort of a
Peace Conference. He is getting
to be quite an important
member of this mission.
Much love to all
on your part.

Hodgson Burnett. The
first chapter tells of a
young fellow - his work
in a Daily Paper. I think you
would all enjoy the story
if you haven't already read it.

An event occurred on
the 16th. - Junior cut his
first tooth! He was much
pleased with himself and
gurgled with delight as the
family gathered round to
admire the new possession.
But another event occurred
two days later, which turned
his smiles into tears.
He fell out of his bassinet,
about $3\frac{1}{2}$ ft. from the floor,
and struck full in the face.
His upper lip was cut
slightly and his nose and
soft lower cheek much

In fact she uses English
almost entirely now in speaking
to me, and Hindustani in addressing
the servants. I asked her what
she had learned at S. S. last
Sunday. She replied, "A man is
died". Ernest thinks that's about
as much as the average child
gets out of Sunday school.

I took Helen with me two days
ago, to "Naulaka", a pretty little
house with surrounding gardens,
in the palace grounds, where
the Maharani is "at home".

The following is a copy of
an essay written by an
Indian H. S. boy

On Button

What is Button? Of what
it is made up of? For what
it is made up of? It is of
how many kinds? Are the
questions to be answered.
The answers are very simple.
Button is a kind of trifle.
Let me describe its shape. It
often used to be made up of
a circular form, not only
circular but it may be
made of any shape which we
like to have. It is made up
of ivory, mother shell, horns
and bones of animals. Some
of the buttons are made up
of galvanized iron and of
threads too. In some of the
buttons, 4 holes are
pierced out, in others only
two and some have hooks
under them. They are used
for buttoning the coats,
shirts, pants, waist coats and

others. The other question
which is to be asked is,
who invented them? It is
difficult to be answered
because it is not known to me.
Because it is saying "A thing
which is not known to a
man is most difficult for
him, though it may be very
easy for others who know it".

Though a button is
very ordinary thing which
we always use yet it is of
much importance in our
daily life. It adorns the
clothes and makes them
fit and they look beautiful.
Had there been no button
we would have not been
able to have such good
and fit clothes as we
have now.

Mhd. Biyogjet Ullah
Moran H. S.

Jan. 29, 1914
Morar, Gwalior.

Dear Brothers & Sisters,

The father of
our family has returned and
we are all "khush" (happy)
once more. Junior was so
delighted to see his daddy
that he stopped short in the
middle of his morning meal
and to chuckle & laugh; and
almost refused to get back to
business at all. Ernest was gone
just a week, tramping from
village to village, preaching,
talking with individuals,
showing pictures of the life of
Christ with the magic lantern,
distributing literature etc.
The people are very eager to

goes home with a fine skin as a trophy. The Maharajah himself has ~~some~~ ^(w.s.w) of the largest + finest skins in the country, from beasts that he himself has shot. He is a great sport.

Just before Ernest went out on his trip, what do you suppose I found in a store room? A snake! To be sure it was a small one and was dead. It had evidently been there for some time; had probably gotten crushed under a falling box or something. But to me, a snake is a snake, dead or alive. And it didn't make me feel

was 4 X 8 gas. !!

junior weighs 18½ lbs. I
about as usual, 113 lbs. I think.

One of the English ladies in
town had a children's party
a few days ago, to which only
kiddies were invited.

Helen would not make up
with the others. She wanted
to walk around with me
all the time; or else wandered
off by herself investigating
this or that. There were

only four other English
children there, they were
much older than Helen. The
rest of the party were little
Indian youngsters from the
upper classes.

I called on an attractive
Parsee lady last week and
we had some music together.

each time, a Bible lesson.

In my language work these days, I am reading in Hindi a book relating some of the disgusting practices of Krishna Sa Hindu dnt. I should never select this book from choice; but it is a part of our course.

Delighted to welcome William
Nauna Elder! what a fine time
all our kiddies would have together

with much love,
Margaret.

She is quite musical,
plays Beethoven, Mendelssohn
etc. with a good deal of
appreciation.

The Parsees, you may know,
represent the commercial
class in India. They are
usually ^{wealthy} and
even the women, ~~who do not~~

Practically all of them
speak English. 2 go to Col.
Napier's & teach the little
girls how to sing. And
once a week 2 go across
the little stream back from
bungalow, to the Presidency
Hospital Compound &
teach a sweet little
Indian woman, how to
read & write. I also give her

get anything to read,
and we are scattering tracts
and Bible portions broadcast
among them wherever we
have opportunity. On part of
his trip, Ernest ~~was~~ ^{is} in fairly
good hunting territory. He
had a gun with him. He shot
enough partridges + quail
to provide himself with meat
by the way - but failed to get
any deer altho he had a
couple of chances. Any say
one doesn't have to go very
far to get into real jungle
in this state. Whenever the
maharajah has any
distinguished guest, he is
always taken out on a
tiger hunt; & of course, always

any too comfortable. I'm glad I don't
have to be on the plains in the rains
& heat of the summer. For that is the
time, if at all, when one is most apt
to see snakes. ^{as it is the time in which} Jackals, we have the
in round; and at night, they seem to
be almost at our very doors. But we
eldom see them in the day time; they
do not seem to do anybody any harm &
I concern ourselves very little about

them.
Ginn and I celebrated our birthdays
together last week. Ginn was 8 weeks. I

Woodside,
July 22, 1914

Dear folks at home,

Almost the only
thing I have to talk
about this week, is
the weather. And there
is a great deal of
sameness in that -
rain without ceasing
day & night. If those
mountain cottages weren't
built on such firm
foundations, one could
easily imagine them being
washed down the mountain.

sides. Stones and rocks do come
tumbling down, often in the big
wind & rain storms.

I am glad to say the rains have at last
reached Quilini too. Ernest writes that the
little stream which runs back of our house
has become a raging torrent, some 30 yds.
in width with big waves on it & driftwood
floating down. To quote from his letter: "While
looking at this great transformation, I
was much amused at a peacock which
suddenly flew upon one of the high stone
pillars beside our yard, and turned toward
the river & looked out over the expanse
of raging waters with a very meditative
expression: 'where is the rainbow by
which sign we know that there is not
to be another flood?' This is what the
peacock seemed to be saying."

The combination of rain & heat
has been a little too much for Ernest.
He has had his third attack of cholera(?)
(probably cholera morbus) since
returning to the plains. I feel very
anxious about him. For any tendency

toward sickness of
that kind, ~~may~~ often
develops rapidly in this
country & is difficult
to get rid of.

I am not feeling quite
up to par myself these days;
headaches & backaches
give me a good deal of
trouble. Junior is still
cutting teeth; and is not
so cheerful as usual.
He is taking a few steps
alone now days.

Much love to you all.

Margaret.

Mission House
Morar, Gwalior
April 3, 1914.

Dear brothers + sisters,

I am supposed
to write you a good, long
letter this morning, but
a bumble bee has just
stung me on the hand,
and my mind is diverted
to the rapidly swelling
muscle - suffering joint.
However, here goes.
We have to go about these
days, carefully
dodging wasps and

gone about 10 days.
I think I may have written
you that our neighbor Mr.
Glass has been staying with
us for a week and will be
here until he leaves for
England on the 11th. He was
selling off his goods & closing
up his rented house; so E. & I
thought we might take him
in for the little time he
was left. But a difficulty
arose when Ernest had to

Each evening about
dinner time Mrs.
Stratton a nice,
Guthrie Christian woman,
comes in and keeps me
company during the
night. Absurd isn't it?
"Have any of you read
"Those United States" by
Arnold Bennett? It's
interesting. It is quite
fair in its judgment
of us. I think
the English people here
think it's a fine book
we were ~~so~~ greatly
taken by surprise and
somewhat dismayed
a few days ago to receive
word from Allahabad

The financial condition of
the college is serious and
funds are urgently needed.
But we think the summer
is no time to raise money;
and Ernest wrote to that effect,
urging Mr. Higginbotham
to stay on until fall.
However he had doubtless
already left before E's letter
reached Allahabad; and
his family are now

that the College Council
was proposing to the
Exec Comm. of some
mission that Ernest
be sent ~~to~~ at once to
Allahabad to take
charge of the ^{keeper}
agency ^{to straighten out}
of the Agricultural Dept.
of the College, & to teach
Economics in the Col.
while Mr. Higginbottom
should go home on
a short furlough
to raise funds for
the college.

on their way to America
just what the mission
will do to provide for
his work in the mean time,
is hard to say. Moreover
it would take a skilled
accountant to straighten
out his accounts in the
Ag. Dept. We do not think
they will transfer us as
E. has written that the
situation here ^{is present}
delicate & critical. Ernest,

wants to get back
into college work
eventually but he
is not willing to learn
this field which we
have opened up with
some difficulty until
it is well provided for.
Personally I should
prefer to stay on here
indefinitely. I like
this place. But of course
I shall not vigorously
oppose Ernest's desire
to get back into the
college when he feels
that the work he
is cut out for.

burial was set for 3:00 P.M.
when we arrived at the
cemetery we found the
grave diggers still at work;
and we had to wait a
full hour until the
grave was ready. Such is India!

Dr. Quivrol, the Gen. Secy
of our three missions in India
visited us for a couple of
days not long ago. He was
much interested in our work
and charmed with Gwalior.

H. E. the Vicary of India
& H. H. the Maharaja
of Gwalior have been
killing off a good
many tigers in the
jungle this past week.
But they say there
will still be plenty
left for the next
sporting party!
One day last week
a little 4 yr. old boy
in one of our Indian
Christian families
died. The hour of the

We haven't settled on the
date of our departure for
the hills yet. But it will
be toward the last of the
month. Perhaps I had better
repeat my address -

Woodside

Bandour, Mussoorie
India.

With loads of love
Margaret.

bees for they persist
in coming into the
house. We also keep our
eyes open for scorpions
and centipedes. I haven't
seen any of these creatures
yet; but last week when
we had a guest he
found a huge centipede
crawling up his leg, one
night.

Ernest has gone off
again - to help conduct
a Summer School for
Indian workers, in
Ghana. He will be

leave for Ghana. From the
Hindustani point of view,
it is most improper for
a woman, particularly a
young woman, to occupy a
house alone with a
man not her husband.
So to relate, they judge
Europeans by the same
standards of morality as
they do themselves. So I had
to tell in a third party.

Woodside, Bandour
Mussorie, India

June 18, 1914

Dear Brothers and Sisters,

I can't quite
remember whether I wrote you
last week or not; but I have a
feeling that I missed again.
While I was lying in bed taking
the rest-cure my letters
accumulated so rapidly that
I'm sure it will be months
before I have caught up again.
We have had a break
in the rains for two
weeks, and now the
real rains are settling in
and are likely to
continue for 2 or 3 months.

One day last week, E + Helen and I
went to a big sale + "tamasha" at
for the benefit of the Soldiers' Home.
We took in all the side-shows - trying
our skill at various stunts - such as
throwing feathered arrows at a target,
throwing rope rings over pegs kicking
a football thru a hole in the wall etc.
one feat was throwing tennis balls
at the ~~face~~ of a clown who stuck
his head thru a hole in the fence. The
idea was to hit him on the nose.

I looked to the right
hand & the left but
could discover no exit;
and I began to wonder
how in the world that
man could have so
suddenly made his
~~escape~~ escape. In some
confusion I asked a
small boy standing near,
what had become of the
ship-keeper, when to my
amazement, the man
himself replied; & looking
at my feet, I saw
Dun Rahmammed squatting
there & opening a trap-
door in the floor.
And there ~~appeared~~,
was disclosed a ladder

with rounds about 20" apart
extending almost perpendicularly 15'
to the floor below. We were told
to descend. I hesitated, suggesting
that it would be impossible for
Helen to climb down such a stairway.
But at that moment the man's
wife appeared, ascended the ladder
to the trap door, took Helen under her
arm & lifted her down bodily.
I followed. We found ourselves
in a ~~medium sized~~ ^{small} room with a little
glazed entrance hall, looking out over
the back (pavine). The place was
very meagerly furnished (just a couple
of stools & chairs and a few cooking
utensils) and it was not particularly
clean. The woman was dressed in
a bright-colored "sari" (flowing garment)
and was fairly intelligent. We talked
for ten or fifteen minutes, while
the small 8 yr. old son of the
house, entertained Helen - loading
her down with Endbury's chocolates
& biscuits which he brought down
from his father's store.

Finally
we climbed the ladder
and made our way
out through the back
store to the street -
much pleased over the
novel & interesting experience.

On Thursday the
11th of June we had
lunch with Mabel &
Pruston Edwards, to
help celebrate their
2nd. wedding anniversary.
Pruston took some
pictures of the
children which we
are hoping, will turn
out well.

Junior weighs 21 lbs.
He is all boy -
wonderfully sturdy
and active + cheerful.
He has six teeth; and
ought soon to be walking
alone. There are babies
of all sizes and descriptions
in the mission now -
from 1 week to 1 yr. +
over; and one of the
disinterested maiden
ladies said not long ago
that Junior was the
prize baby of the bunch.
Ernest + Prudens
Edwards have gone off

on a week's tramp
into the mountains.
Mabel & I are thinking
of going out 16 miles to
meet them on their return.
We would have to go in dandies
and take the children
with us. It would be something
of an undertaking: & then
too there is likely to be
rain; so we may back out
after all.

I am feeling quite well
again, but am not able
to do any hill-climbing yet.
With much love,
Margaret.

mirabile dictu out of 4 throws I
hit him twice! During the time
that we watched the performance,
I was the only successful competitor!!

I had an interesting experience
a few days ago when I was shopping
in the bazaar. I was buying some
groceries in the shop of a Mohammed-
Deen Mahommed. Just before ^{as} I was
about to leave, we were exchanging
a few remarks in general conversation
when I happened to ask whether

he lived with his family
in rooms connected
with the shop. "oh yes"
he said; then added,
"won't you come back and
see my wife?" And turning,
he led the way to the
rear of the shop. Helen
& I followed, looking
about at various kinds
of commodities as we
passed; when suddenly
our leader disappeared
from view, ^(the shop was dark & we could not see clearly) and we found
ourselves flat up against
the rear wall of the
shop, a small window
in which ^{revealed to us} ~~showed~~ that
we were on the very edge
of the cliff & terra firma
looked about 75 ft. below
us.

Woodside
Bandour, Mysore
'India

April 30, 1914.

Dear Bros. & Sisters

I left Gwalior
on the 23rd. with the
children and reached
this cool place, the
next evening, making
the 19 hr. trip by train
the 7 miles ride by
tonga & the final
7 miles stage ^{up the mt.} by land
as usual. Ernest had had

Woodside
Bandour Mussorie
'India

April 30, 1914.

Dear Bros. & Sisters
I left Gwalior
on the 23rd. with the
children and reached
this cool place, the
next evening making
the 19 hr. trip by train
the 7 miles ride by
tonga & the final
7 miles stage ^{up the mt.} by land
as usual. Ernest had had

our focus as we drove the
three miles to the station at
2:00 P.M. was like a blast out
of a furnace. Since I left,
Ernest writes that the temperature
has been 106° in the shade; &
even at six o'clock in the evening
on our shady front veranda
the thermometer has registered
 103° . Ernest doesn't know when
he will be able to get away. He
is worked to the limit these days
+ . . . financial matters

money on his person,
but luckily he awoke
just in time to escape
being robbed.

I had not intended to
come up here until
this week but Ganio
was taking his teeth
so seriously, that I
changed my plans
wired Mr. Hazel & Ghansi
to join me a week
earlier, & so we got
off on short notice.
It's amazing how quickly
climate changes affect
children in this country.

well now, Gunnis had his
first artificial feeding this
morning. He didn't object at
all; but want after his cup of
modified cow's milk with both
fists.

Mrs. Wzly and I are occupying
one side of the cottage. Next
Mr. & Mrs. John Forman; Florence
come up & live in the other half
of the house; I don't like this
house quite so well as the
Fris; but we are very comfortable.

One week of hot
weather on the plains
may pull a child
down dreadfully or
bring on dysentery or
some other trouble
which it is impossible
to check unless one flies
to a cooler atmosphere.
On the other hand,
even the palest child
will begin to get roses
in his cheeks after a
few days in the fresh,
bracing air of the
mountains. Junior &
Helen are both perfectly

We are near Woodstock School -
our large mission school for girls.
And I'm planning to send Helen
to kindergarten. She needs the
association with other children.
With much love to you all
Margaret.

to leave for Benapur
on mission business
two days before this; so
that the final

packing & settling up
of things was left entirely
to me. And I think I
have mentioned before
that it's no small job
moving one's family for
a 5 months stay away
from home. For we
take everything with us
except furniture & dishes.
The day we left was
atrociously hot. The
wind that blew in

very excessive

connected with the mission.
And since Calicut station has
also been turned over to him
there is an added burden and
responsibility resting upon him.
He must travel over there at
least once a month to make
payments & look after the orphans.
As he was making the trip last
week, in a 3rd. class compartment,
he suddenly awakened to discover
a man going through his pockets.
He happened to have considerably

Mission House
Morar, Gwalior.

April 9, 1914.

Dear Brothers & Sisters,

It was very
nice to get two Pound Robins
in last week's mail.
Father's little note book and
the financial statement,
made up by David, were
enclosed in our 'budget'.
Does anyone want these
returned?

Ernest is still in Ghausi.
I look for him home in a
couple of days.
Mr. Glass is packing up

at the beginning of this week,
we suddenly had a hail storm
one afternoon, and since then
it has been delightfully cool. But
alas! it won't last long. By the
way, some of those hail-stones were
as big as hens' eggs. Our cook
gathered up a pail full of them
and froze ice-cream for dinner.
Helen was wild with excitement
to see ice falling from the sky.

Junior has cut his second tooth.
He has accomplished the feat of
pulling himself up to a standing
position beside a chair or bed. He

to leave. He sails from
Bombay next Monday.

It looks as if there
aren't going to be
enough folks here
this summer for ~~even~~
Ernest even to have
singles in tennis. E.
thinks he may wait
until August before
taking his vacation this
summer. But I don't
know whether he will
be able to stick it out
or not. There will be
lots of hot weather
before that. After two
atrociously sultry days

hangs on with one hand, waves
the other frantically stamps
up + down with his feet + yells.
He even attempted to walk off
alone once, but sat down very
unexpectedly.

I gave a luncheon for 5 English
ladies last Sat. They seemed to enjoy
it - particularly the cherry salad.
My like things distinctly American.
By simple new ideas I gladly
received.

Much love to you all
Margaret.

Woodside

Kandour, Mysore
India.

July 16, 1914.

Dear Folks in the U.S.A.

At the time of the
writing of the last Round
Robin, Mary was on her
way westward. By the
time this reaches the
U. S., I suppose she
will be thinking of
making her way east-
ward again. What a
delightful trip it will

have been. You must write me
news about everybody and everything,
May.

It was interesting ^{to us} to hear that
Mr. Henry Forman had been out at
your house, Bob. I'm sorry you did
not get to meet him. He is a
charming man. His sisters Miss
Emily & Miss Mary have been
spending their vacation here in
Kandahar. They took tea with us a
few days ago. His brother John and
wife & Florence are living in
this same cottage. Florence and
Junior are great cronies.
By the way, Junior took ten steps
alone yesterday. By the time he is
14 mos. old, he will likely be
walking about by himself pretty
steadily.

Since last writing we have
had a calamity. While Ernest was

still in Kalitpur,
one morning a telegram
came to him from
his clerk, which read
as follows: "Thieves
have broken out from
your bungalow. Come
immediately." On arriving
in Gwalior, he found
it only too true.
All chests & drawers,
almirahs, cupboards,
trunks etc were
open. Only one drawer
had been forced
open. The trunks and

money-box, in the
office had been
opened with keys.

Our personal funds,
we kept in a compartment
of my large home trunk
along with all my
solid silver.

The thief evidently
knew the key of the
land very well. For
altho admirals &

drawers were found
open, ^(this, we think was done as a blind) nothing was
disturbed except the
contents of my large trunk.

From this, and the money-box
in the office were taken ~~as~~ ^{as}
nearly as we can figure about 100 Rs.
All my solid silver (about 70 pieces)
excluding what I had with me
here, was found under a
tree in the yard. Feeling detecting
more easily with this, I suppose,
they dropped it, after going over their
haul on the outside. The robbers
were evidently after money only;
knew just where to find it
and had the keys to fit the locks.
But where they got the duplicates
is the question. We have not
even discovered how the
entrance was made. The glass
in one small window was broken,
but this too, we think merely
a blind, as the dust on the
window ledge was not disturbed.

Ernest's clerk the
house-sweeper and the
night-waterman

who all sleeping
under the port-cocher
during the night.

It is not likely we shall
ever get any clue
to the robbery as the
police amount to
little. out here.

However a member
of the criminal investigation
Dept. has called out
Ernest & is working
on the matter. He
took the broken pane

We are very thankful
the thieves left that
behind. That we
never could have
replaced.

Much love to you all.
Margaret.

Mary - Please send
me 2 yds. golden
brown ^{rough} grain
ribbon ^{about $1\frac{1}{4}$ " in width.}
for shoe-lies.

I glass & will have
it photographed for
finger prints. Then
he will take impressions
of the finger prints of
all the servants

& people in the
compound. There
may be some
developments after
that. We certainly
~~can~~ ill-afford to
lose the Rs. 100. but
still I should rather
lose that than have
lost all my solid silver